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Wilbur Wright

Orville Wright

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WEST SIDE NEWS.

Vol. 1.

DAYTON, OHIO, JULY 3, 1889.

No. 17.

West Side News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Wilbur Wright - - - - Editor
Orville Wright - - - - Publisher

TERMS:—Quarter of year, twenty cents
Six weeks, ten cents.

1210 WEST THIRD STREET.
DAYTON, OHIO.

Mixed Metaphors.

The following speech by Mr. Malaprop, made on the occasion of Mr. Malaprop's son Jonas coming of age, has not yet been reported. Taking his son's hand, Mr. Malaprop spoke these feeling words:

"Jonas, my son, you are entering upon your life; before you the doors of the future open wide, and, like a young squirrel escaping from his cage, you go forth to navigate the sea of life upon your own wings!"

Husband and Laird.

Two hundred years ago each Highland chief considered himself as an independent sovereign. If he had a dispute with another chieftain, who obstinately refused to yield, he levied war, thus referring the matter to the last resort of kings.

Each chief of a clan had the power of "pit and gallows," and could hang a refractory clansman, without hindrance from the rest of the clan. On the contrary, they would all assist in executing their chief's decree. Ordinarily, but not always, they accepted the fate decreed for them by the laird without a murmur.

A husband having been condemned to death by his laird, threatened resistance, instead of going quietly to the executioner's house and giving himself up. His wife amazed at her "guide man's" conduct, remonstrated with him on his obstinacy.

"Dougall, my man," said she, in her most apprehensive tone, "just gang awa' quietly and be hangit, and no anger the laird!"

Diving for Pennies.

Some sports, engaged in for fun or a penny, are so dangerous as to challenge the fear of all beholders. A traveler, whose vessel had anchored off the coast of Arabia, two-thirds of the distance down the

Red Sea, describes a perilous game of the urchins of that region. Going on deck in the morning, he noticed some bobbing black objects in the water, and said to the captain, "What are those things swimming? Sharks, I suppose?"

"Well, land-sharks you might call 'em, p'raps. Take my glass and try again."

A look through the glass speedily transformed the black objects into faces of Arab children, who apparently were not more than five or six years old. The vessel was at least a mile from the shore, and the water was deep enough at any point to drown the tallest of these little adventurers.

The Liliputian swimmers drew near, with shrill cries and elfish laughter; when a final stroke had brought them alongside, there arose a universal chorus of "*Pias-tre, howadji!*" (a penny, sir.)

"Chuck 'em a copper, and you'll see something good," said the captain.

One was tossed into the water, and instantly the smooth, bright surface was dappled with a forest of tiny brown toes, all turning up at once, as the boy-divers plunged together.

By this time the entire crew had assembled to witness the sport, and a shower of exclamations was to be heard: "There's one of 'em got it!"

"No, he aint!"

"Yes, he has! I see him a-coming up with it!"

The successful diver rose, and was at once surrounded by three or four piratical comrades, who did their best to snatch away the hard-won coin. As the boy reached the surface, he held up his prize triumphantly, and then popped it into his mouth, his only pocket.

In a moment a crafty comrade swam up behind and tickled him under the chin, whereupon the mouth opened, and out dropped the coin into the water. A genuine fight and scramble ensued, while the air rang with shouts and laughter.

Meantime, two sharks appeared at a perilously short distance from the excited divers, but their presence seemed to produce no effect whatever upon the urchins.

"Aren't they afraid of sharks?" asked the traveler of the captain.

"Not they! They make too much row for any sharks to come near them! Sharks are easily scared, for all they're so savage."

But the observers, unaccustom-

ed to the boy's game, would scarcely have cared to trust to the shark's timidity.—*Sel.*

Economical.

A hideous old negress with a deformed back and a few discolored fangs in the place of teeth, called one day upon a gentleman who had been her employer, and announced, "Mistah, I'se gwine ter get married!"

"Why, I'm surprised; isn't the change a little sudden?"

"Yes, tol'able sudden; but bet-tah late than nebber."

"Oh, well," answered the friend politely, "a lady is never too old to marry, I suppose—if she falls in love."

"But I'se not fallen in lub!"

"Going to marry for money?"

sarcastically. "Yis, sah, dat am de solemn troof. It's money. I'se 'gaged ter Billy Jones!"

"Why, Billy's only twenty-five, and you must be forty-five."

"Yis, sah, dat's so; but I'se now payin' Billy fifty dollahs a yeah for rent, an' I'se gwine ter marry him ter save dat ermount!"

Found Out.

Silence is not always a proof of wisdom, though often it is a sign of it. Here is a story of a gentleman who had a son that was not particularly bright. He had always admonished the young man to be silent, and conceal his folly.

One day the two were invited to attend a large dinner, and, as seats were not plenty, the father and son were separated. During the meal, two gentlemen who sat opposite the young man differed in opinion on a subject they were discussing, and rather than have a serious dispute, they agreed to leave it to the gentleman opposite them to decide.

They stated their case to him, and asked his opinion. The son was silent. They waited a little while, supposing that he was meditating, and again asked him to decide.

Still he kept silence. This led the gentlemen to look steadily at him, when both exclaimed at once, "Why, the fellow is a fool!"

"Father! father!" the son called; "they have found me out!"

"Yes, said the small boy in the Latin class, "yes, *lapsus* may be the Latin for *slip* in a book, but when mother *laps* us, it means a slipper.

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1210 WEST THIRD STREET.
 DAYTON, OHIO.

Our Mother.

After many years of affliction, so heroically borne, our mother has gone from among us.

Mrs. Susan Catharine Wright, wife of Bishop M. Wright, died at noon on the Fourth of July, at the family residence on Hawthorne street, in the fifty-ninth year of her life. She was born in London County, Virginia, April 30th., 1831, and was of German descent. When about a year and a half old, her father removed his family to Union County, Indiana, and here she received her early educational advantages. After passing the common schools of the neighborhood, she attended Hartsville College, at Hartsville, Indiana, and came within a few months of graduation. November 24th. 1849, she was united in marriage with Rev. Milton Wright, and for nearly thirty years has been to her husband his best counselor and helper. She was the mother of seven children, all of whom save two, who died in infancy, are living.

She was of a retiring disposition, very timid and averse to making any display in public, hence her true worth and highest qualities were most thoroughly appreciated by her family and those who were most intimate with her. Her husband relied upon her as a counselor not only in family affairs, but also in his most important business operations, literary efforts and most responsible acts in church work. She was pre-eminently endowed with common sense, and to her soundness of judgment he attributes much of his success in life.

We children learned to look upon mother as almost perfection itself. No kinder mother ever lived than ours; none who loved her children more; none who more unselfishly sacrificed her own comforts and joys to give pleasure and happiness to those

she loved. To her husband, whose life has led him to positions of the greatest care and responsibility, she has been a chief support and comfort; and in her death her children have lost their best, their truest friend on earth.

For nearly eight years, she has been afflicted, with lung disease, and has gradually declined in health, but in that time no one ever heard one word of murmur or complaint pass her lips. Of a very fine disposition by nature, in her affliction she was remarkably patient and cheerful; so much so as often greatly to conceal her real condition. Her clearness of mind, patience and endurance have been remarkable, and her courage and fortitude, in these years of affliction, have the more endeared her to her family. A Christian since a child, she died like a babe falling asleep, the beloved wife and almost idolized mother.

Of her children the oldest, Reuchlin, resides in Kansas City, Mo.; Lorin, the second son, at Santa Fe, Kansas; Wilbur and Orville of the News, and the only daughter, Katie, still live at home.

All but Lorin, whom for want of telegraph facilities, the news of his mother's death could not reach in time, were present at the burial. Upon father, weighed down as he is by both years and cares, this loss will fall heaviest. May Heaven sustain him. In the hearts of her children, Mother will ever live as the truest Christian, the noblest woman and the dearest mother, this world has ever produced.

The funeral services were conducted Saturday afternoon, July 6th at the family residence on Hawthorne Street, by Bishop Halleck Floyd and Rev. William Dillon, after which the body was laid away in a beautiful spot in Woodland Cemetery.

Our mother has gone, but her spirit will ever be with us.

LOCAL NEWS.

Wm. Finch, of Mound street will attend camp-meeting at Lewisburg next Sunday.

The friends of Mr. Joe Boyd were much pleased with our enterprise in presenting a picture of the "coming man."

Mr. Frank Resler, who has been attending school at Westerville the past year, is spending the summer at the home of his sister, Mrs. Kiester, on North Summit street.

Rev. Wm. Miller, of Uniopolis, Ohio, a brother of D. R. Miller, the agent of Union Biblical Seminary, spent a few hours in the city Wednesday morning.

Mrs. W. E. Landis, of West Fourth street had quite a severe spell of sickness last week as a result of an accidental bump on the head.

On and after July 4th, you can get your photographs at the North East corner of Third and Summit streets, saving the trip across the river, and get an 8x10 picture for nothing.

To the already very large stock of fancy flannel shirts at Bates & Roesch they are almost daily receiving additional invoices of new styles and patterns that can not be excelled in the city.

The Lewisburg camp-meeting has proved quite an attraction to our West Side people. Quite a number have attended it, and several more will attend before it closes. Lewisburg, by the way, is in Preble county.

Mr. Milton H. Mathews, editor, publisher, proprietor, and printer, of the West Side *Monthly Midget*, will spend his annual vacation at his old home place near Cincinnati, Ohio. We hope to see him return in the fall with his pen sharpened and his head crammed with ideas.

The old frame building which occupied the site on which Mr. L. B. Gunkel is about to erect a brick business block, has stopped at the alley between Third and Second streets. It seems to be stuck in the mud (of controversy).

The venerable Dr. Davis, of North Summit street, is just recovering from another of the attacks which now and then endanger his life. The present attack is the most severe which he has experienced for some time. The crisis, however, is past, and it is hoped that he may soon be able to get about again.

The News office is minus a hand this week. When the fire broke out at Hoover's barn, a few days ago, our office boy, otherwise known as the "Imp," happened to be delivering papers near by. Knowing it was the settled principle of the News to prefer the good of others to its own good, he left his papers and rushed down to Dodd's shop and had the alarm turned in. Returning to the scene of destruction, he threw himself into the work of saving property with an energy which receives our most hearty endorsement. At last while helping to move a line of hose, he was suddenly jerked from his feet, and had his arm so severely sprained that he will not be able to work for a week or two. We fear that Fortune forgot to favor the brave that time.

The work of excavating the cellar for Mr. Gunkel's new building on Third street has begun. The structure is to be a three-story brick business block, which will be quite an addition to the business facilities of our part of the city. Never in the history of the West Side have there been three such business blocks as Messrs. Walter's, Booth's, and Gunkel's in the course of construction at the same time. If a half dozen enterprising business men can be found to occupy them, we will find things just humming about Christmas time. It certainly begins to look like business.

Clarence Culbert, a son of Fireman Culbert, by a fall through the elevator at the U. B. Publishing House, Wednesday morning, was fatally injured, it is thought. He had taken up a truck load of paper, and had stepped from the elevator a moment to dump them from the truck. This done, he started on his return, walking backward, drawing the truck after him. As he had been gone but a second or two, he did not take the trouble to look behind him. But it was gone. Down he went, the truck after him, past floor after floor, still down, till at last he landed in the cellar, five stories from the starting point. It was terrible. His legs and arms were broken, and his back sprained and twisted, till it is remarkable that he survived a single instant. Yet he retained consciousness and was able to talk to his friends after being picked up. His pit is worthy of mention. His many friends mourn

deeply the terrible accident which has befallen him, and extend to him and his parents their most heart-felt sympathies. There is little hope of his recovery.

When a man is so anxious to improve the city that he gets up at two o'clock in the morning to do it, his motives may with reason be suspected. If the improvement can be made only in the dead of night, and when the policeman is at the other end of his beat, it should not be made at all. One night last week, some rascal attempted to kill every shade tree on the west side of Williams street between Fourth and Amity streets. He succeeded in ringing all but one of the trees, and had even commenced on that, when frightened away. These trees have stood for years and years. The oldest inhabitants can scarcely remember when they were planted. For a quarter of a century, at least, they have made Williams street one of the shadiest and

most pleasant streets in the city, but now they are destroyed in the dead of night by a rascal who deserves a home in the state prison. Some complaint had been made by persons living along the street, because of the cotton which fell from the trees at a certain season of the year. A petition had even been introduced into council, praying that the trees be cut down on account of their great age and supposed dangerous condition. But before the matter could be investigated, some private person comes at two o'clock in the morning and so injures them as to insure their speedy death. If the trees were so old and rotten as to render them dangerous to passers-by, it would have been proper for council to order them to be cut down. But when a private party sets himself up to decide that certain kinds of trees shall not shade our streets, and chooses the middle of the night to execute his decrees, it is time to call a halt.

Regimental March,

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7 Third and Main Sts.	52 Jefferson & Chestnut Sts.
8 Second and Ludlow Sts.	53 Brown and Brabham Sts.
9 Monument Ave. & Main St., No. 4.	54 Ludlow and Franklin Sts.
12 Fourth and Kenton Sts.	56 Main and Bruce Sts.
13 Third and Jefferson Sts.	57 Ludlow and Bayard Sts.
14 First and St. Clair Sts.	58 Main and Stout Sts.
15 First and Foundry Sts.	61 Fifth and Wilkinson Sts.
16 Monument Ave. & Taylor St.	62 Fifth and Charter Sts.
17 Barney & Smith Car Shop.	63 Fifth & Baxter Sts., No. 5.
18 First and Keweenaw Sts.	64 Broadway and Home Ave.
19 Pike and Valley Sts., Texas.	65 Washington and Louie Sts.
21 Third and Wayne Sts.	67 Cincinnati & Hartford Sts.
22 Third and Montgomery Sts.	71 First and Perry Sts.
24 Second and Lowell Sts.	72 Third and St. Marys Sts.
25 Morrison St., No. 6.	73 Third and Williams Sts.
26 Third and Linden Ave.	74 Second St. and Dale Ave.
27 Third and Garfield Sts.	75 Third St. 223 Euclid Ave.
28 Valley and Chapel Sts., Tex.	76 River and Williams Sts.
29 Valley St. and Brandt Pike, Texas.	81 Main and McPherson Sts.
31 Fifth and Wayne Sts.	82 Main and Rung Sts.
32 Ninth and Miami Sts.	83 Dayton View Hydraulics.
33 Mey and Duclot Sts.	84 River and Salem Sts.
34 McLain and High Sts.	85 Salem St. & Superior Ave.
36 Fifth and Allen Sts.	112 Main and First Sts.
37 Dayton Insane Asylum.	113 Monument Ave. and Wilkinson St.
38 Fifth and Hoffman Ave.	114 Second St. and Levee.
39 Fifth and Linden Ave.	221 Kiefer and Barker Sts.
41 Wayne and Richard Sts.	412 Xenia Ave. & Van Cleave St.
42 Adams and Bonner Sts.	413 Wayne St. St. Car Stables.
43 Wayne and Oak Sts.	512 Lincoln and Warren Sts.
45 Brown and Patterson Sts.	513 Cemetery and Brown Sts.
46 Xenia Ave. & Quitman St.	612 Fifth and Sprague Sts.
47 Xenia Ave. & Henry St., No. 7.	613 Washington and German-town Sts.

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His Nose his Fortune.

It is only a "third-rate" dime museum which can not offer the attraction of a fat woman and a skeleton man, and no show is really complete without a Circasian beauty, a bearded lady, a tattooed Greek, and a Chinese giant. One wonders where all these monstrosities are found. The market for skeletons and fat men is always able to supply a new show, and one feels like asking whence come all these people, and why they are never seen outside of the precincts of the "museum"? Do the managers of such shows raise these creatures, as farmers raise prize vegetables? Yet the market is so glutted that it is difficult to obtain a "situation," so to speak, as a curiosity. Think of offering one's self as the greatest living skeleton, and of the mortification of being rejected as not thin enough!

An amusing scene, which actually occurred in connection with a show familiar to those who were boys thirty years ago, bears upon the point that if a man is very remarkable in some one direction, he may win distinction and employment.

The manager of the show, when in winter quarters in New York, advertised for a man with an enormous nose, the biggest nose in the world. "None but monstrosities need apply," was the wording of the advertisement.

One day there came to the manager's room two men, whose noses were positively gigantic. Each came in answer to the advertisement, and each had been, apparently, previous to his meeting with the other, confident of meeting the manager's demand.

The manager was out, so the two applicants sat and stared at each other, until one of them

broke the stillness by saying,—"I suppose we both came here for the same purpose, hey?"

"I suppose so. It's as plain as the nose on your face," replied the other, with a smile which lighted up his face so much that his nose almost cast a shadow.

"Come, now," continued the first speaker, "what'll you take to clear out before the manager comes in? Blessed if I don't believe you've got the start of me in size. I thought *my* nose was 'some pumpkins,' but it looks like a hole in my face beside yours."

"Won't sell out on no 'count," answered the other, cheerfully, seeming to be much pleased with his companion's eulogy. "I've got the biggest nose in the world, and I'm going to exhibit it."

"Yes, but 'tain't so much bigger'n mine, anyhow, and mine's a more curious shape than yours. Come? I'll give you fifteen dollars to follow your nose home."

The man with the biggest nose in the world seemed to hesitate but just then the manager entered. The two applicants sank back in their chairs, and glared at each other. The manager coolly put his hands into his pockets, and said, "Humph! You're something alike! Just stand up, will you? Yes, that's it. Together, so I can measure one by t'other. There! Um! Well, you'll do (nodding to the man who had refused to sell out)."

He then and there struck a bargain with the big-nosed man, whom he dubbed at once, "The Unrivalled Proboscist of Australia!" The other big-nosed man, as he departed, gave vent to his disappointment by a remark which contained much bitter philosophy:

"I might be a grand success, if my nose was either a little bigger, or a good deal smaller!"

At Lincoln's This Week!!

Our 50c Lace Curtains 45c a pair.

" 1.50	"	" 1.15	"
" 2.25	"	" 1.75	"
" 4.00	"	" 2.75	"
" 5.00	"	" 3.25	"

We have only 47 pair left out of 300 pair. This week must close them out.

Don't forget that we are selling good unbleached sheeting yard wide at 5c, and good bleached muslin, yard wide, at 6, 7, and 8c. Best prints at 5 and 6½c. Gingham at 5, 6, and 8c. Ladies' underwear at 13, 15, 23, and 35c a garment.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THEM.

July 5th. we will commence a general clearance sale in every department, and continue for two weeks. Will close out every thing at wholesale prices. Have too much goods for this season, and they must go at some price. Notice our bargains.

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